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on his conscience he meant no disrespect to holy church, but "he thought the archbishop had been in it." In 1534, Archbishop Allan of Dublin, and some other leading men, enemies of the then earl of Kildare, son of the earl last spoken of, and lord deputy of Ireland, memorialled King Henry VIII. representing various heavy grievances under which they and all his subjects in Ireland laboured, and complaining of divers disorders in the state. Henry, fired with indignation, ordered Kildare instantly to repair to London, to answer charges of so serious a nature, and in the meanwhile to commit the government to some one for whose conduct he would be personally responsible. Kildare was reluctantly forced to obey, but most imprudently confided his official trust to his son Thomas, who had not then attained his majority.

It soon appeared evident that Lord Thomas Fitzgerald was deficient in the qualifications most necessary for the government of the country at such a crisis. His person and external endowments were indeed well calculated to excite public admiration; but to the rashness of youth he added a great portion of family pride, an unbounded confidence in the power of the Geraldines, and an insolent contempt for the rivals of his house. The lords of the council soon became offended at his petulance, and he was in no less danger from the suspicious vigilance of his enemies than the adulation of his friends. Intelligence having arrived that his father had been committed to the Tower, each party watched the movements of the other with the greatest jealousy, and the capital was filled with rumours and conjectures. A correspondence was kept up between the enemies of the Geraldines in England and Ireland, and one of the letters transmitted on this occasion was said to have been brought away accidentally from the apartment of a priest by John de la Hide, a friend of lord Thomas, which announced the execution of the earl in the Tower, and the meditated destruction of his whole family. The young deputy gave too ready an ear to the fatal intelligence, and being instigated by his Irish kinsmen O'Neill and O'Connor, he determined to renounce his allegiance to the supposed destroyer of his father, and plunged at once into a rash and desperate rebellion.

There was a mixture of magnanimity and folly in his first proceedings. On the 11th of June, 1534, he assembled at the castle of Kilmainham, then the residence of the chief-governor, about one hundred and forty Irish horsemen, at whose head he rode through the capital in his robes of state, accompanied by his uncles, Sir John and Oliver Fitzgerald, James and John de la Hide, Burnet of Ballgriffen, Bath of Dolardstown, Field of Buske, and Rorke a famous pirate. They rushed tumultuously to the council, who were at this time assembled in St. Mary's abbey, and who when lord Thomas entered their chamber, rose respectfully, expecting that he would take his place. But this the young deputy declined, and requesting them to be seated, thus addressed them:—

"Howsoever injuriously we be treated, and forced to defend ourselves in arms, yet say not hereafter, but that in the open hostility which we here proclaim, we have showed ourselves no villains or churls, but warriors and gentlemen. This sword of estate is yours, not mine; I received it with an oath, and have used it to

your benefit: I should offend mine honour if I turned the same to your annoyance, now that I have need of mine own sword, which I dare trust. As for this sword it flattereth me with a golden scabbard; but it hath in it a pestilent edge, already bathed in the Geraldines' blood, and whetted for further destruction. Save yourselves from us as from your open enemies. I am no longer Henry's deputy, I am his foe. I am more disposed to meet him in the field, than to serve him in office; I have more mind to conquer than to govern; and if all the hearts of England and Ireland that have cause thereto, would join in this quarrel, as I trust they will, then should he be a by-word, as I hope he shall, for his heresy, lechery, and tyranny, wherein the age to come may score him among the ancient princes of most abominable and hateful memory."

When the young deputy had terminated his violent harangue, Cromer, the primate took him calmly by the hand, and pathetically remonstrated with him on the rashness and wickedness of an attempt at rebellion, grounded on uncertain rumour, and totally unjustifiable, even if that rumour were confirmed. He warned him against the folly of believing that he could subdue the kingdom by force, or retain it against the power of king Henry; and he predicted, that if he persevered in the purpose which he had just avowed, he would involve his country in desolation and carnage, his whole family in ruin and dishonour, and himself in the terrible guilt of shedding innocent blood. "Yea," added the good primate, "the child is not yet born that shall feel the smart of this day's uproar."

While Cromer was delivering his speech, which he did with much emotion, some of the followers of lord Thomas, who did not understand a word of English, fancied that the primate was encouraging their young chief in his enterprise, and one of the Irish bards, who always attended on such occasions, instantly burst into a strain of impassioned verse in praise of the hero, whom he designated as the gallant *silkèn lord*, a title by which he was generally distinguished, on account of the richness of his dress, and the splendour of his train. The rhapsodist chided his delay and called him to the field, and the young Geraldine unhappily was more influenced by the romantic effusion of the bard, than by the sage counsels of the primate of Armagh. Throwing down the sword of state, he rushed precipitately from the council; and as Dublin had been lately much weakened by the plague, he was permitted for some days to hover about the city, collecting his forces, and arranging his plan of operations.

He was speedily joined by the O'Toole's of Wicklow, and some other Irish septs, with whom traversing the English pale, he compelled the inhabitants to take an oath of fidelity to his cause, on pain of imprisonment: and he sent emissaries to the pope, and the emperor Charles V. intreating their assistance. As the devastation of Fingal, the principal granary of Dublin, now menaced the citizens with famine, they sent some forces for its protection; but these were defeated near Salcock-wood, and eighty of them slain. Emboldened by this success, lord Thomas approached the gates of Dublin, and threatened to deliver up the city to destruction, unless he were permitted to lay siege to the castle, where archbishop Allan, and some other enemies of the Geraldines had taken re-

fuge. The constable of the castle, which was then defended by strong walls and towers, and encompassed by a broad and deep moat, relying on the security of the fortress, permitted the citizens to save their habitations from ruin, by accepting lord Thomas's terms; but Allan, filled with terror at the recollection that he had been the chief instrument in procuring the disgrace of Kildare, had a vessel prepared secretly, in which he embarked for England; but either through the ignorance or treachery of the pilot, who was a Fitzgerald, the ship was stranded near Clontarf. Allan took refuge in an adjacent house, where his retreat was quickly discovered by a party of rebels stationed at Artain, who dragged him from his bed in barbarous triumph, and brought him, naked as he was, before lord Thomas and his uncles, Sir John and Sir Oliver Fitzgerald. The unhappy prelate cast himself on his knees, and adjured his arch-enemy by the love he bore his Maker, to spare the life of a Christian and a bishop. The young lord turned his horse from him with disdain, and exclaiming in Irish, *Bein naim bodach*, "Away with the churl!" his sanguinary followers interpreted his orders, (whatever might have been their commander's intention) in the most cruel sense, and instantly hewed the archbishop to pieces.

Three of the uncles of this young Fitzgerald, who never joined in his rebellion, but discountenanced it from the first, were by king Henry's orders invited to a banquet by lord Grey, were seized after the banquet in open violation of the rites as well of hospitality as of honor, were sent to England, and after the mockery of a trial, on a charge of high treason, were hanged at Tyburn, together with this young man himself, now become earl of Kildare, and other two of his uncles; the whole transaction being a tissue of treachery, tyranny, and judicial murder, of the blackest most detestable description: yet M'Gregor relates the story with as little expression of indignation or emotion of any kind, as if he were recounting the history of a game at chuck-farthing.

In the concluding page of the volume, we noticed the following sentence:—

"The wretched people, however, became the victims of these factions, who made a desert, and then called it peace."

Mr. M'Gregor should not thus assassinate a magnificent passage in Tacitus, without giving the least intimation of his felonious intent.\* We rejoice to see that a second edition of the first series of this valuable little work has just appeared. Both volumes are prettily embellished, at least the landscape embellishments are good. Kirkwood's figures, however, are stiff and unnatural.

\* See the speech of Galba in the life of Agricola—*atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*

*Stories from the History of Greece, from the earliest period to its final conquest by the Romans.* Adapted to the capacities of children. By the Rev. Edward Groves, L.L.B. in two vols., 18mo. W. F. Wakeman, Dublin; and Baldwin and Cradock, London, 1830.

If the rising generation be wise in proportion to the appliances and means provided for its instruction, we shall presently become a nation of philosophers. There certainly never was a time when greater attention was paid to the important business of education, or in which the reasoning powers of the young were earlier

or more assiduously cultivated. The history of Greece is one abounding in striking and remarkable events, and strongly marked and interesting characters; it therefore affords peculiar facilities for a series of stories calculated to engage the attention of the young. The present is a very unpretending and judicious compilation; the narrative possesses the simplicity and clearness so desirable in works of this nature, and the brief reflections, occasionally interspersed, are plain, sensible, and conceived in a proper spirit. The two little volumes are very nicely got up.\* There are two embellishments in each, drawn by Lover, and engraved by Kirkwood, so that this, like the book last noticed, is a work purely Irish in all its details. The embellishments are extremely well executed, the vignettes particularly pleased us, and we are very glad to notice a little book so creditable to the Dublin press.

The following brief extract from the account of Alexander's expedition into Asia, will enable our readers to judge of the manner in which the book is written, better than the most laboured description:

"Having settled all his affairs in Macedonia, he set out for Asia, with a small but well-selected army. It consisted of thirty thousand foot, and four or five thousand horse, all brave and well-disciplined men, inured to dangers and hardships, and commanded by officers who had grown grey in the service. Proceeding from Macedonia, he passed by Amphipolis, crossed the river Strymon, and afterwards the Hebrus, near their mouths; and at length arrived at Sestos on the Hellespont, whence he crossed into Asia with his fleet, not far from the place where Xerxes had erected his famous bridge. On approaching the Asiatic shore, he flung his javelin at the land, as if to take possession of it, and leaped on shore completely armed; after which he offered sacrifices to the gods for such a favorable descent.

"Immediately on landing, Alexander went to visit the ruins of Troy, which lay to the south of the Hellespont, and caused games to be celebrated round the tomb of Achilles, a hero, whose memory he held in peculiar honor. How he imitated him will be shown in a subsequent part of his life.

"Thence he proceeded northwards to the Granicus, a small river which discharges itself into the Propontis or sea of Marmora, where Arsites the Persian satrap or governor of the province, had collected an army to oppose him. This plan of resisting the invader was objected to by Memnon, one of the best generals in the service of Darius. He was unwilling that all should be risked in a pitched battle, and recommended that the country should be laid waste, and even the cities destroyed, so as thus to compel Alexander to retreat through want of food. But his good advice was thrown away. Arsites declared he would not suffer such havoc in his province; he even accused Memnon of wishing to protract the war for his private advantage. A battle therefore was decided on: the rapid approach of the Grecian army soon brought it to an issue.

"On arriving at the river, Parmenio, seeing the opposite banks covered with the enemy's troops, advised the king to allow his army to encamp and take their rest during the night, so as to be refreshed for the onset in the morning.

\* In vol. 2, page 60, however, we observed a glaring violation of English Grammar. An oversight of this kind is particularly reprehensible in children's books.

But Alexander, who knew how much depended on first impressions, declared that it would be disgraceful, if, after having crossed the Hellespont, they should be stopped by a stream; for so he styled the Granicus in contempt. The army was therefore ordered to advance: the king plunged into the river on horseback, followed by his choicest troops: the Persians on the other side crowded to the spot where the enemy were crossing, and in a short time the battle became general.

"Alexander was exposed to great danger in the onset. Regardless of himself, desirous only of setting an example to his troops, he was attacked in the hottest part of the contest by Spithrobates, a son-in-law of Darius, who, at the head of forty Persian noblemen, signalized himself by acts of bravery. Alexander rushed on him with his pike, and laid him dead at his feet. At the same moment, Rasaces, the brother of the Persian, attacked him behind, and with a blow of his battle-axe, struck off the plume of his helmet: then preparing to repeat the blow, he raised his arm again, when Clitus, one of Alexander's most faithful officers, cut off his hand with one blow of his sabre, and saved his sovereign's life. The Persians at length began to give way, after a gallant resistance; and in every direction fled. Arsites escaped from the battle, but afterwards put himself to death through remorse for having been the cause of a defeat so injurious to his master. The loss of the Persians was very great; that of the Macedonians but trifling. The dead were honoured with a splendid funeral: statues of brass were erected in Macedon for twenty-five of the king's immediate followers, who fell in the first attack; and to perpetuate the memory of the victory, the conqueror caused three hundred of the captive shields to be sent to Greece, with this inscription: "Alexander, son of Philip, with the Greeks, the Macedonians excepted, gained those spoils from the barbarians who inhabit Asia."

*The Court and Camp of Buonaparte.* 1 vol.  
small 8vo. London, Murray, 1829.

We are indebted to the late sagacious Mr. Constable, who stood god-father, as Sir Walter tells us in his last volume, to the novel of Rob Roy, for the introduction, or at least for the revival, of cheap publications, depending for their profit on a very extended circulation. The principle was adopted by the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and has since been acted upon in a very spirited and creditable manner by Mr. Murray, in the work called the "Family Library." The recent and enlarged edition of the life of Napoleon, is a considerable improvement upon the former one, and may be justly pronounced an admirable epitome of the life and actions of that extraordinary man: indeed Mr. Lockhart's little work bids fair we think to supersede his father-in-law's more diffuse and circumstantial production on the same subject, which bears but too evident marks of that want of leisure for deliberate investigation and concision of style, which almost necessarily disqualifies Sir Walter Scott, while he retains his present numerous and distracting avocations, from executing any great historical work as it deserves; a task for which, however, we deem him pre-eminently qualified by nature and attainments, did time and opportunity permit him to do justice to his powers, and we still look forward

to a future revision and compression of his life of Napoleon, when he shall be less actively occupied with other duties, that will leave it a more worthy and faultless monument of the writer as well as of his hero.

The *Court and Camp of Buonaparte* is intended as a sort of appendix to the life of Napoleon, with which the family library opened. It consists of a series of short independent biographies of the brothers, sisters, wives, ministers, marshals and generals of Buonaparte, to the number of forty-six, arranged according to the impartial precedence of their alphabetical initials. A picturesque view of the appearance which the court and camp of Napoleon presented to an eye-witness, with personal sketches grafted upon it, would have formed in our opinion a much more interesting work; indeed, in execution, as well as in design, the present volume falls considerably short of the masterly little work to which it is intended as a supplement. We shall, however, give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself, and for this purpose shall select the life of Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, as a fair specimen of the style and composition of the work.

"MACDONALD is the son of a Highland *dunie-wassel* (or poor gentleman), of the Clanroald sept, who was among the first to join the standard of Charles Edward Stewart, in 1745. Having been educated for the Catholic Church, he was master of three languages, French, English, and Gaelic, and attended the adventurer as interpreter throughout his expedition. After the battle of Culloden he escaped to France, where he settled. The son was born in the little town of Sancerre, November 17th, 1765.

"At an early age he entered as lieutenant into the Irish regiment of Dillon. He embraced, but not to extravagance, the principles of the revolution. His education had been more liberal than that of military men generally—of the French military especially—and he was not so dazzled by the new light, as to be insensible to the dark spots which deformed even its dawn.

"After the battle of Jemmapes, Colonel Macdonald began to attract the notice of Europe. He was present at most of the actions which were fought in the low Countries. As general of brigade, he led the van of the army of the north, and contributed to the conquest of Holland, by passing the Véhal on the ice, in defiance of a furious cannonade from the batteries of Nimeguen.

"Appointed Governor of Rome, (1798), General Macdonald endeavoured to restore the public tranquillity, in a city which had long been the theatre of strife between the partisans of the old and new order of things, and in this capacity he acted with stern severity. Not only did he banish the ecclesiastics, but he put to death all who asserted the independence of the state. At Frosinone he had the barbarity to massacre all the armed inhabitants, and to burn their houses to the ground. Such conduct would have created no surprise in an Ancreau, or Davoust, or Massena: but from this phlegmatic thinking officer, mankind had looked for different things. It is some consolation to think, that if this was the first, was also the last stain of the kind on his character. Mack approached, and he abandoned the Eternal City, but returned to it on the defeat of that general. He once more left it, to carry into effect the iniquitous designs of his